

On Monday morning the Cardinal and his secretary both celebrated Mass on board H.M.S. *Venturesome*, and on Monday afternoon his Eminence blessed a portion of the Fleet Cemetery. A large number of officers and men were gathered there to see him. His Eminence addressed himself above all to the officers and men of the destroyers who had borne the brunt of the recent action and who had lost so many of their number in the engagement. Discussing death and eternity, he developed the doctrine of Purgatory, explaining that even as good Catholics must first be purified by suffering, they should help their departed friends, by praying for their souls. By His mercy they themselves had been spared and they owed, therefore, a special debt to God. He enjoined them to live ever prepared to die and to bear with patience the difficulties that now surrounded them. The congregation then recited the 'De Profundis': many officers and men were afterwards presented to his Eminence. As he left the cemetery, the Cardinal was lustily cheered by his naval audience.

On Tuesday morning, the Catholic officers and a great number of men received Holy Communion from his Eminence: and in the afternoon, before leaving, a Catholic group was photographed and his Eminence addressed the ship's company. He spoke affectionately of the historic traditions of the battleship, to whose action-list had now been added 'Jutland, 1916,' and assured them that whenever in future he read of the doings of the Grand Fleet he would read with a wider understanding and would look especially to see what had been the fortune of his friends on board the fighting *Venturesome*. He had long wished to visit the Fleet, as he realised he could only hope really to understand their life by actually seeing for himself what was so truly and happily known as the 'Silent Service.'

The destroyer that brought the Cardinal to the *Venturesome* once again approached to take him elsewhere, and the following day found his Eminence on board H.M.S. *Entente*, in another part of the scene of war. The arrangements made for the visit were as excellent here as in the case of that just described. On the Thursday, all the Catholics were gathered together on one ship, so that the Cardinal should be spared the fatigue of boarding all the vessels and repeating what he had to say on each occasion. Previously, however, to the great parade, Confirmation was administered to a certain number of men, who afterwards joined their companions for the principal service. The chief points of his Eminence's address may be summarised by the memoranda that their chaplain thought well to have printed as a memento of the Cardinal's visit.

Thoughts from the Address of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne to the Catholics of the Fleet, August, 1916.

'1. It is the proud boast of the Navy to be "always prepared." You have to be ready at every moment for whatever may befall you. Make use of all the opportunities that you now enjoy of hearing Mass and approaching the Sacraments. Keep yourselves in God's friendship by frequent and earnest acts of sorrow for anything in your lives that may have been displeasing to Him, and thus be ever ready for the moment in which, perhaps quite suddenly, He may call you out of this life.

'2. Never forget that it is God alone Who can grant victory. Live in such a way that you may be ever worthy in God's sight of the victory that we so earnestly desire. Let there be nothing in your lives to render you or your country unworthy of this blessing of victory we humbly beg from God, Who alone can bestow it upon us. As you look back hereafter upon these days spent in defence of King and Country and Empire, be able to say that you are better men in God's sight because you have been privileged to take part in so great a cause. Avoid everything that might one day cast a shadow on your memory of these days.

'3. There is no victory without sacrifice. The greatest victory that the world has ever seen, the First Easter Sunday, was preceded by the greatest sacrifice, that of Good Friday. Your lives are a daily sacrifice—of comfort, freedom, home, and friends; you may be called

to make the highest sacrifice, even that of your lives. Make every sacrifice, great and small, not grudgingly or grumblingly, not as a mere matter of routine which you would shirk if you could, but generously and wholeheartedly, offering all to God Himself in union with the sufferings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Thus, by your daily sacrifices you will gain the victory which without such sacrifices no man can win.'

His Eminence was more than once the guest of the officers in the wardrooms of their ships, when the more official occasions did not call him elsewhere. At this particular base the Cardinal went ashore to speak to some of our soldiers who were encamped hard-by.

The following Saturday, August 12, the Cardinal was at yet another centre, and on the Sunday celebrated Mass and gave Holy Communion to a very large number of officers and men. His Eminence spoke to them in very much the same vein as above, insisting especially on the lesson of the gospel of the day—the use and neglect of opportunities. His words were also concerning the arrangements made for the spiritual care of the Catholics of the Navy, which have recently been so much improved, so that now they have opportunities that before the war were not available.

The Cardinal came away from his visit to the Fleet full of appreciation of all that is being done for our men, and bearing with him a very happy memory of the kindness and courtesy shown to him by the Commander-in-Chief and all his officers.

DEATH OF A MARIST BROTHER

There passed away at Mittagong, New South Wales, on October 16, after a long illness, which engendered much debility, patiently borne, Brother Matthew, one of the Marist Brothers, who for nearly a quarter of a century labored in the Catholic schools of the Dominion. Of an unassuming nature, genial temperament, and unstinted devotedness, he passed his days doing good quietly, winning the affection of the young people among whom and for whom he worked, and the respect and abiding friendship of those who made his acquaintance. Born in the bosom of a good Catholic family in County Donegal, 57 years ago, he grew up imbued with the strong faith and religious attachment that are so characteristic of the Ulster Catholics. When a young man, he crossed the Atlantic to try his fortune in America, and labored for many years in Canada and the States. His trials were numerous, and his experiences various, and many were the incidents he loved to relate of those first years of his adventures. He returned to Ireland, but did not stay there long, for a desire for travel again possessed him, and having relatives in New Zealand, he resolved to try his luck at the Antipodes. Whilst engaged as a farm hand in South Canterbury he made the spiritual acquaintance of the saintly Father Fauvel, then in charge of Temuka, who soon detected in his penitent virtues that fitted him for better work than manual labor, for a higher vocation than a mere toiler in the world. He advised him to become a religious, directed him to the Marist Brothers, to the Superiors of whom he applied for admission, and was readily accepted. His earnest piety and love of work soon gained for him the confidence of his superiors, to whom he rendered loyal service: the esteem of his confreres, for whom he spent himself, and the affection of the children, whom he taught to be virtuous and good. About five years ago, he became a victim of diabetes, which soon undermined his health and brought on such weakness, as enforced him to abandon the duties he loved to perform, and to seek needed and well-earned rest at the Provincial House of the Order, which he served so faithfully; and where, after two years passed in silence, meditation, and prayer, he was called to receive the rich reward of a hidden and laborious life spent in teaching the little ones to know, love, and serve God.—R.I.P.

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